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issue 11

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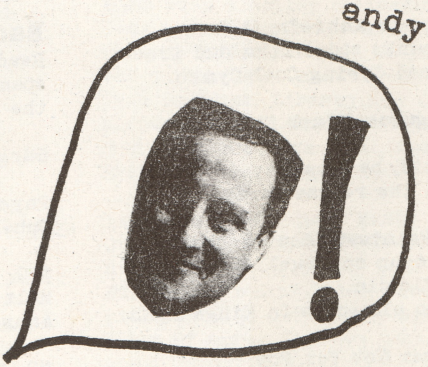

51p at gigs

and articles on
basque punk
WWII vegans
journalism in recession
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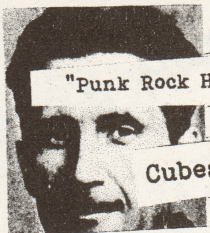
Orwell special



Issue 11

"Punk Rock Homage to George Orwell"

Contact:
Cubesville@Hotmail.com

Rhyming Contents

p4 Interview: Reagan Youth
A chat in a park was a handy guide
To New York punk, drugs, violent cops and suicide.

p5 Punk in the Basque Country
The punk explosion produced cool bands
Making noise in a language few folks understand.

p10 Interview: Oi Polloi
Hide your beer and lock up your daughter
Here come the Gaelic punks from north of the border.

p14 Interview: Yr Anhrefn
These Welsh punks stood firm and true
But disappeared during Cool Cymru.

p18 Action Figures: Black Star Dub Collective
Don't be stoopid, be a smarty
Come and join the reggae party.

p20 Article: Faintest Idea on *1984*
They're genned-up on Orwell and they make a terrific din,
They get up to all sorts in Kings Lynn.

p22 Interviews: *1984* Vox Pop
Have we learned from history?
Let's hear from **Zounds, Eastfield, Left for Dead** and **Andy T.**

p25 Journalism in Recession
When the bankers inflicted on us their insatiable and insupportable greed,
It affected what we read.

p29 The Wartime Vegan
Never mind the sandal-wearing hippies,
Vegans were around when Hitler bombed our chippies.

p33 Record and Fanzine Reviews
Here we are with next week's hits
And the turgid opinions of two burned out old gits.

Fanx

Irish Dave, Shaz, Callum (Skelptarsis), Chriz (Berlin), Paul Cripple (Reagan Youth), Maju, Deek Allen & Oi Polloi, Rhys Mwyn (Anhrefn), Black Star Dub Collective, Kai (Faintest Idea), Andy T, Steve Lake (Zounds) Left for Dead, Jessi (Eastfield), Steve Hyland, David/Spike/Lauren from Under the Pavement radio show.

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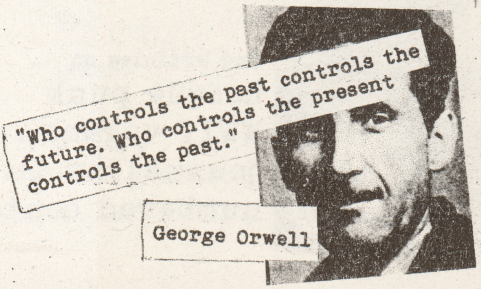
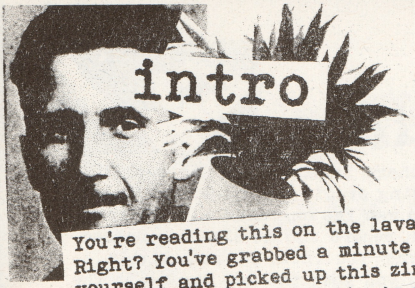
#8. Star Fucking Hipsters, Discharge, Afternoon Gentlemen and Hammers interviews and Revenge of the Psychotronic Man Action Figures.





Check out the Cubesville blog for sound and video.
Just Google "Cubesville"

You're reading this on the lavatory. Right? You've grabbed a minute to yourself and picked up this zine. You've let me into your most private moment. And now I'll let you into mine.

You defecate; I'll educate. Deal?

George Orwell shaped my life. My love of words, my libertarian politics were inspired by George Orwell. More than any punk band. More than any fanzine or comic. Much more than any protest. And, believe me, no meeting, no fucking meeting, political or otherwise, ever came close to Orwell's motivation and influence on me.

In 1997 I lived in Bradford. Sometimes my friend Dave Robdus would come over and stay for a day or two. I knew the guy from when I was 16. He was an anarchist from a conservative town. He was a fighter; mouthy, strongly opinionated, totally unrepentant. Completely unstoppable. And an Orwell fan. When he came over, we'd sit and talk for hours about Orwell.

We'd drink coffee, wine, even Barleycup, into the early hours and talk about Orwell's writing; language, truth, politics. From his damning statements on society to his cringingly honest confessions. Dave was one of the only people in that anarchist scene I could talk to about all that. He understood Orwell. Those impromptu discussions stay with me today. Thankyou Mr Robdus.

I first read Orwell when I picked up *A Clergyman's Daughter* from my mum's bookshelf. I was desperately bored and needed something to read. The book shocked and moved me; it's a tale of mental illness and homelessness in the 1930s. It still shocks me. Because what he wrote happens now. In every town.

If you've not read Orwell, though, he was bloody good. He wrote like a bastard. But he was a toff. Eton-educated and a Burmese policeman, he saw and did some horrible stuff, which made him question his world. Profoundly. So he decided to write. He started from scratch. Sentence by sentence. Just like me. And, hopefully, you. He rocked the world, and so can you. You're the next Orwell, and I look forward to your books. You'll rock.

Anyway, this issue is split between language and politics. Just like Orwell. In the first half, we have language - Welsh, Gaelic and Basque, that is. We hear from punks who stand up to the system to register their dissent in their own tongue. If you don't like it, fuck you.

The second half of the zine is about Georgie O's *1984*. It's a science fiction novel about surveillance, permanent war and a totally authoritarian dictatorship. He hit the nail on the head. We talk to punk bands who were around in the year 1984. Many fanx to em.

To keep the Georgie O theme going, our Vegan Time Machine visits WWII Britain. That's cool. But our look at Journalism in Recession ain't. It's written from personal experience about what I think affects us all. When the bankers creamed off the cash, they took control of the media too. Double happiness for them. Bastards.

But we kick off with an interview with Paul Cripple from Reagan Youth. Paul talks openly about anarchy, addiction, punk and politics. He talks about the suicide of Reagan Youth's singer, Dave Insurgent, and his plans for one last album. I interviewed him in New York, totally hungover on a boiling hot afternoon. Life affirming. Thanks to Callum for setting it up.

Read, enjoy and don't forget to wipe. If you've run out of paper, use this zine.

Let's finish with a word to our censors, written by George Orwell:

"If liberty means anything at all, it means the right to tell people what they do not want to hear."

Archbishop Richard Cubesville
Manchester, late 2011

Reagan Youth

Road to Tompkins Square

Paul Cripple is the original guitarist from New York hardcore legends **Reagan Youth**. The band released two albums before singer Dave Insurgent's drugs problems spiraled out of control. These contributed to his suicide. Paul is back writing and performing with the band to make one last album in tribute to Dave. Cubesville caught up with him on a late summer afternoon in the downbeat, cosmopolitan, metropolitan, glory of New York's Tompkins Square Park where Paul and Dave made their mark 30 years previously...

We were watching a video before of Reagan Youth playing in this very park.
P: With Dave, back in the 1980s? Love that shit. I didn't think much of it back then, but it looks nice all these years later.

Tompkins Square Park was at the time a shanty town. What was its significance to the punk scene back then?
P: At the time it was our park. Washington Square Park had the same kind of vibe going with the old drunks and everyone doing drugs and the fires, but this one was a little bit more seedier and dirtier than that one and all around here you saw tents with people living in them. Back then, this park was a good meeting ground for people who wanted to know about punk rock. You'd come here and do some drugs and then drink some alcohol over there and then do some more drugs here, and then you'd meet some anarchist here... It was a nice place for counter culture of New York City to come and meet.

Right over there I think on 11th Street, 171A was a recording studio run by Gerry Williams who was the engineer on the first Reagan Youth record and he also engineered the Bad Brains. You know, you're a little teenager and you meet the Bad Brains in the studio and you smoke weed with them and they play you the first songs they're going to be releasing on the Rior cassette, which sounds a kazillion times better than *Rock for Light*... We saw them play in Central Park and the singer came up to us and asked us to open for them so we had a little following. Being a little kid and watching these grown men, who were real musicians, it was very important in developing the way we did and this park was right in the middle of it all.

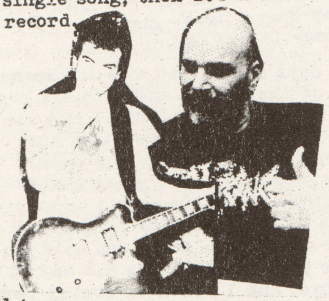
What was the political climate like back then?
P: The political climate in America is never going to be like the political climate in Europe. People just aren't that interested in politics; they're more interested in Paris Hilton or Britney Spears My singer Dave (Insurgent) was a very politically astute human being and he made the original band know everything about the Republicans. To this day I know who the Secretary of State was and the Star Wars Programme. He really drilled that into us. To be honest, people didn't really see us as a political band back then. The last gig I played with Dave Insurgent was in front of ten people and when we came on half of them left - it wasn't as if anyone gave a shit.

Reagan Youth were a confusing band - you were sarcastic and ironic...
P: And it's parody too. If people look into it they will see we were against the Republicans. At the time they thought we were pro-Republican. But now they don't make that mistake - they know we're against fascism and racism. The Republicans are so for the rich controlling this country it's disgusting. This is how I look at it - rich

people aren't happy being rich; they're only happy if they're rich and everyone else is poor. It doesn't matter if they've got millions and billions and trillions of dollars, if they see poor people having fun, it pisses them off.

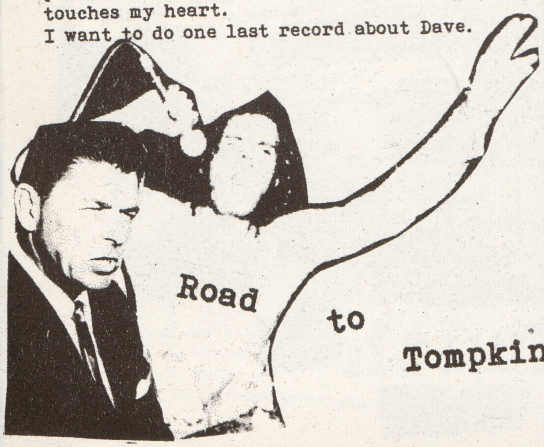
Do you think the name Reagan Youth still has the same resonance?
P: People call themselves "Reagan Youth" now like they would have called themselves the Hitler Youth - that's creepy. The Republicans weren't always like that. Nixon was the kind of president who would have given heroin to the heroin addicts. In the end he gave them methadone, but he was a pretty reasonable guy. And a whole New Republicanism started when he resigned. When Reagan removed the solar panels that Carter had put up he was saying: "I don't want free energy, I want the country to be hooked on oil."

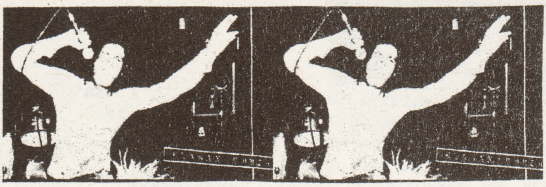
So what is Reagan Youth up to today? I saw someone at a gig with a t-shirt which said: "Still Fighting Thatcher". Do you have the same spirit?
P: I always thought the band was a failure until I got on the internet five years ago and said: "Holy shit, people like this shit." The band wasn't built to be mainstream, but the computer made us more well-known, For the band to play and it to be a success it needs to be all ages. It's under 21 and over 42; the demographics people in the mainstream want is over 21 and under 42. We play all ages shows and kids come along and sing along to every single song - to *Are You Happy*, *Degenerated*, *Jesus was a Communist*. That was Dave's genius; he could write a vocal melody and he was a punk rock poet. It's nice now to see all these other kids liking his lyrics. And then I'll meet these cute little girls and they tell me their punk name is Insurgent after Dave. It touches my heart.
I want to do one last record about Dave. Kind of like Pink Floyd did *The Wall*, I want to do a hardcore punk record about my old singer Dave Insurgent. I have a couple of songs I've done and now I've a singer who's... He's on. Politically he's on. Hopefully he's going to take these songs, which are about Dave and New York in the 1980s and Reaganomics. But if kids don't sing along to every single song, then it's not a Reagan Youth record.



It's good to see you so enthusiastic about it.
P: You have to have a reason to write a song. Now I have a girlfriend and she's my muse, like Dave was my muse, my songwriting partner, my bandmate, my best friend. I knew him since the Third Grade, my entire life practically. But it wasn't all good, there was bad too, like the drugs. I'm not holier than thou; I like getting high. But Dave really went off on the drugs. Eventually it took away all his creativity and all his humour and his goodness and he became the lowlife drug addict that he never recovered from. And the prostitute that he was with ended up getting killed by Joel Rifkin... I remember he came over to my house the night he committed suicide. That was his way of saying goodbye to me. I didn't realise at the time; I was high myself, but it was his way of saying: "See you later Paul, I'm calling it a life." If he didn't do that, he'd be gong round to places like California with me and doing this interview instead of me.

How was your last meeting then?
P: He came over to my house and told me that Joel Rifkin had killed his girlfriend. He was a serial killer, she was a prostitute, they both did a lot of cocaine. He took her to a corner and she got into his car and she said (to Dave): "I'll see you in a couple of hours." She never came back, so Dave went to the cops and said he thought something happened to her. They said: "Guy, she's a prostitute, she left you, goodbye." Because that's what cops do. They don't go: "Oh



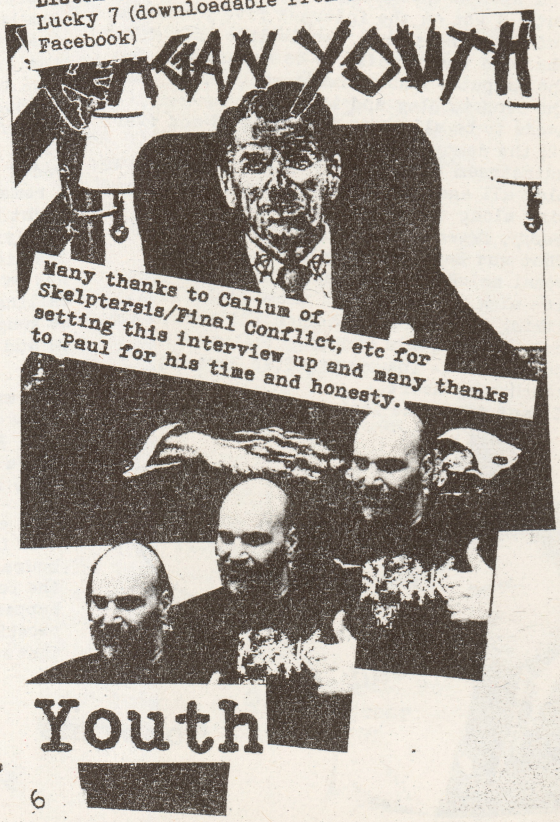


really? Do you have the license plate number?" And thank god he (Joel Rifkin) had a broken tail light because when they pulled him over they found Dave's girlfriend's chopped up body in his pickup truck.

A couple of days after that, his dad backs his car out of the garage and hits his mom. They take his mom to the hospital and she dies. So he told me that he had lost his fiance and his mom in a couple of days. And then he told me I was a great guitar player, which he never, ever said to me ever, because how's he going to face me the next time he sees me: (sings) "Ahhh, you said I'm a great guitar player." That was his way of saying goodbye. And I remember coming back a week later and my wife said she'd got a call to say Dave died - he committed suicide. I missed the funeral and I don't even know where he was buried. His dad didn't want any of his friends ... his dad was a very repressed guy. He drove Dave to be such a flamboyant, punk rock, outspoken person. It's a shame Dave committed suicide. I have a song about that. It's called *Altercation at Saint Peter's Gate*. When you die, you're not meant to go to heaven. Dave wants to get into heaven because his mom and his girlfriend are there, but they won't let him. So he rushes the door like a skinhead would do trying to see the Exploited for free. So he gets Derby Crash and everybody else who committed suicide to get into heaven... I can't write political songs like Dave could, but as long as I can write about Dave and New York in the 1980s and Reaganomics, it will be a good way to finish the band. Because the band finished with Dave singing the second album and going home to get beaten up by a drugs dealer he owed money to. He was in a coma for a week, and had a frontal lobotomy.
But now all these years later it's like a myth. it's like Sid Vicious or Brian Jones. It's like your band ain't worth shit unless one or two members have died in a flamboyant way. And then the original bass player wanted to reunite the band back in 2002. We booked a night at CBGBs. He ended up dieing that night. Drug overdose. The day he was supposed to be buying me an amplifier I was going to his funeral.
I thought: "The rock gods aren't with me," and so I wrote a screenplay to get into the

movie business. It's sad that my band has this weird, twisted history,
You know, punk rock was never about rockstarism. if you look at punk rock, it's part of the mainstream and people will start a band to make it big. When we started a punk band, we did it because we knew we couldn't make it big - we couldn't sound like Emerson Lake & Palmer, or Aerosmith or Bad Company. So hey, I just want to play and have fun. But that's not what punk rock is about anymore, but I don't give a fuck. We're the original punk rockers, so we're not going to worry about being part of the mainstream. Fuck the mainstream. The mainstream sucks. Right?
Callum: Yep.
P: Thanks.

Listen to:
Lucky 7 (downloadable from Reagan Youth's Facebook)



Many thanks to Callum of Skelptarsis/Final Conflict, etc for setting this interview up and many thanks to Paul for his time and honesty.

Reagan Youth

Rock and revolution: Punk in the Basque Country

This article was written before Basque separatist organisation ETA declared its ceasefire in October 2011. The organisation was founded to oppose the fascist Spanish government under General Franco and continued into the 21st Century. The Basque Country in the late 1970s and early 1980s epitomised the defiant spirit and DIY attitude of punk rock, which distinguished it from the more mainstream bands knocking round Madrid at the time. Whether the ETA ceasefire symbolises a tamer Basque spirit in the new millennium we will just have to see...

Basque Country calling...

For those of you who don't know much about Basque punk, its story contains the two most seductive elements of rocknroll – fast music and even faster living. In its trail, it left behind what rocknroll should leave behind – total wreckage and liberation. Quite a few people died – bands like uber-nihilists Cicatriz were all but obliterated and Eskorbuto didn't fare too well either – but it gave Basque punks an identity distinct from the mainstream Madrid scene and their DIY attitude set new standards for Spanish and French punks.

Punk works when it is provincial and political. Basque punk ticked both boxes; kids banged out raucous tunes, defiantly sung in their own words and their own language while they fought the authorities on two fronts (regionally the Basque government and nationally the Spanish/French governments).

But Basque punk slips under the many people's radars. Bands who changed people's lives like Cicatriz, Eskorbuto or La Polla Records haven't echoed as resoundingly in Birmingham than Bilbao, Glasgow than Getxo or Southport than San Sebastien. Language is often a barrier to those of us in English-speaking countries who are flattered by groups crooning to us in our own tongue.

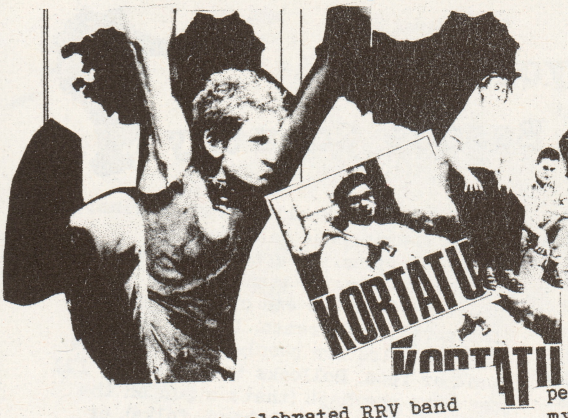
But I like my punk rock the same as I like my food. If I'm in Kuala Lumpar, I want to eat local food and hear local sounds – raging Malay punk while I'm sweating out a whacking great Durian. Raging 1980s Basque punk sung at breakneck velocity captures the mood of a region looking to establish its identity after the end of the fascist dictatorship of Franco. I'll leave MTV and McDonalds for people who don't like music or food. Bollocks to McDonalds, I'll just have the Bap!! (that's a pun on the name of a Basque punk band, folks), or Vomito (that's another Basque punk pun) – I'm on fire!!

Many thanks to Maju for writing this article. I've appropriated his words and ironed it out in places. Check out Maju's brilliant blogs at

http://forwhatwearetheywillbe.blogspot.com/

Radical Rock Vasco

Basque Punk was part of a wider movement described as "Rock Radical Vasco". Maju says this was a Spanish label to differentiate the music made in the Basque scene from "the post-modern stuff that was dominant in Madrid". RRV was a wide umbrella that covered a broad range of bands and people who co-existed in that movement. Among the RRV bands were reggae/ska groups like Potato, Baldin Bada, Nahaste Borraste, Jasa and hard-rock/heavy metal stuff like Barricada, Platero y Tú, Su Ta Gar, Etsaiak.



Probably the most celebrated RRV band was Kortatu. Fronted by Fermín Muguruza, they were highly influenced by the Clash, playing a blend of ska and punk that sounds as vibrant today as it did in the 1980s. Fermín's social awareness and promotional skills made Kortatu the best known band of the time. He became a big advocate of the Basque language movement and is still recording. Check out his 2008 album Lion. It's a goodun.

In the late 1980s and early 1990s (and 2000s, but arguably with less strength) there was a huge vibrant alternative society, probably related to the late "Spanish baby boom". This movement

included the occupation of hundreds of social centres (gaztetxeak), total resistance against the military, urban guerillas and a strong popular self-organization of cultural activities, including the fiestas of each village and neighbourhood.

Punk was mostly the music that we listened to in the middle of all that, says Maju the concerts we programmed for fiestas and every other weekend in the gaztetxe...

Old folks and baby boomers

It is quite curious how, in a few years in the early 1980s, the Basque People in cities and in the many smaller towns and villages, moved from traditional music and Latin American singers to Punk.

People born just a few years before myself listened to Silvio Rodriguez and the like... I was not even aware of this guy until well into my 20s.. When I asked people barely a year or two older than myself "Silvio what?" they would bring their hands to their heads like if I'd committed a grave heresy.

Enter Eskorbuto...

Some bands in the early 1980s were transitional between folk and punk, such as folk-rock or pop bands like Oskorri and Itoiz. But in those years Eskorbuto were anyhow already banging Greater Bilbao...

Eskorbuto were not only almost from the first Punk wave of the late 1970s (they formed in 1980), but also the Punkest band ever anywhere on Earth without doubt. Their music is excellent in spite of being hyper-simple in construction (I used to argue that they were masters of single-chord music) and they managed to piss absolutely everybody off and yet never betrayed what they were. What they stood for that was basically the essence of Punk: challenge everything, question everything, compromise with nothing.

The sound of the Basque Country...
You can see easily how modern music also draws some sort of barrier between the Basque and Spanish cultural areas. Punk was a minority phenomenon in Spain (and mostly fuelled by Basque and Galician bands),although eventually some interesting bands were born in Madrid such as Tarzán (originally 'Tarzán y su puta madre okupando un piso en

Alkobendas') or Valencia ('A Llorar a la Iglesia'; maybe the best hardcore band ever).

In general, the Spanish cultural scene was dominated by post-modernism, which became heavily influenced by techno and eventually led to tchunda-tchunda (tecno-disco, how do you call that junk? Here it's 'bacalao': 'codfish'). This trend happily never really caught on too much here in the Basque Country. Instead, there has been a tendency towards "pop-ization" but not so horribly extreme.

Similarly, folk music is very different here in the Basque Country. In Spain they mostly like flamenco - for me the most alien music on planet Earth. But here what people like is totally different, much higher-pitched... stuff like Kepa Junkera or Ibon Koteron or the relatively well-known txalaparta music ('Oreka Tx' for example).

Maju presents: 10 bands who rocked the Basque Country
Staying inside the rather loose boundaries of Punk, I could say: Hertzainak, Eskorbuto, La Polla Records (later just 'La Polla'), Kortatu, MCD, RIP, BAP!!, Zarama, Vomito, Danba, Parabellum, Cicatriz (originally 'Cicatriz en la Matriz').

They are 12, I could cut two off, but why not better reformulate the question?

In fact there are more, just that my memory is not that good.

Contacts:
A very good contact for all Basque cultural matters is DDT - Gatazka (http://www.ddtgatazka.com/), which is the heir of the Cultural Association Felix Likiniano. They have a shop and a distribution agency (all in the no profit no-surrender zone).

Again, many thanks to Maju. Find his super work here:

Politics and culture
http://forwhatwearetheywillbe.blogspot.com/

Prehistory, anthropology, genetics
http://forwhattheywereweare.blogspot.com/

Essential reading:

Vomitaire Y Eskupire Punk Rock
A catalogue of Basque punk in 108 pages written in Spanish and Basque. Featuring collected articles from newspapers, fanzines and music journals, this compilation zine captures the 1980s Basque punk explosion with every band you care to mention.
4 Euros from: Kotxi & Gabi
Kotxi77@Yahoo.com

Essential viewing:

If I were you I'd dig Cicatriz
Director: Jorge Tur Moltó
View online for free:
http://vimeo.com/17117698

"What can you expect from a group that was formed in a rehab clinic in Las Nieves, Vitoria? Nothing more than the most bizarre, self-destructive and mythical story of Basque punk (with the exception of Eskorbuto). Told succinctly (in 23 minutes) by Dieguillo, the band's former bassist in its final era and its only survivor, the film drags us through a saga of pain, addiction combat and survival.... Pounding the pavement in Vitoria, the film searches for traces of these quickly burnt out stars and a period now lost, when crowds once thronged the concerts and songs were named after the most brazen girls."

United nations: Welsh and Gaelic punk pages

"The medium is the message" When the UK Subs said punk was Another Kind of Blues, they hit the nail on the head; punk strips away a lot of the unnecessary fancy stuff in rock music to expose its soul. It doesn't matter what language it's sung in, you just get the message. And punk music has the ability to bring strange and exotic languages into your home and forever change the way you see the world....

2006 - year zero?

When I first heard albums like the five-band Gaelic compilation *Gaidhug Na Lasair* and **Oi Polloi**'s first entirely Gaelic last album, *Ar Ceol 'S Ar Canan, Ar A Mach*, both released in 2006, they gave me the same feeling that I got in the 1980s listening to Welsh language punkers **Yr Anhrefn**. Punk went beyond the token gestures of discontent; and became totally mind-expanding.

OiIWell!: George Orwell and an excited crowd of Spanish revolutionaries are up for some punk rock chaos

And despite being the first album sung entirely in Gaelic since **Runrig**'s *Play Gaelic* (1979), *Ar Ceol* crosses draws together diverse cultural references, with a nod to George Orwell's *1984* in the fierce assault on imperialism and surveillance, *Bas Dhan T-Siostam* (Death to the System).

Simai England

Yr Anhrefn previously set the standard for disAnglo UK punk when, inspired by the first wave of Welsh speaking punk bands like **Y Trwynau Coch** and **Llygod Ffyrnig**, they embarked on a gruelling touring schedule that saw them notch up more than 300 gigs a year. Check out **Y Trwynau Coch**'s four-band split EP - a classic of early DIY. **Yr Anhrefn** played absolutely anywhere (I saw them play in a squash club, a cheesy Southport nightclub and a technical college). They changed how the Welsh language was received, from total dismissal in the 1980s to the cool Cymru of the 1990s. Who knows, maybe the Gaelic punks will spearhead a new language movement.

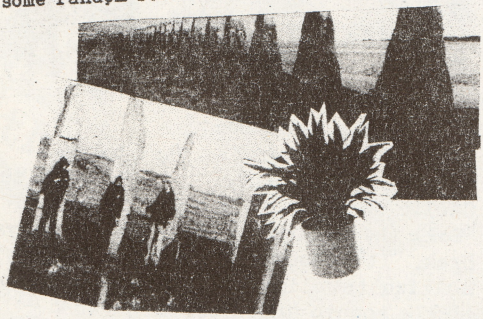
And maybe 2006 was for Gaelic punk what 1976 was for London punk. Who knows?

DIY vs homespun

I remember living in Cardiff and getting drunk with a housemate in front of the television. We were appalled by the standard of Welsh telly. We were expecting music shows with lots of groovy tunes from **Yr Anhrefn** and **Fflaps**, but instead got hours of arts and crafts programmes on basket weaving and bearded blokes playing the fiddle. Gaelic language TV's pretty marginal too - a few programmes on homespun folk broadcast at 3am. What better reason for smashing up your TV and blasting out some Gaelic streetcrust.

Highly recommended are the aforementioned *Gaidhug Na Lasair*, which features Atomgevitter, Mill A H-Uile Rud, Nad Aslingaen, The Thing Upstairs and Oi Polloi. Also is Oi Polloi's *Ar Ceol, Ar Canan, Ar A Mach*.

Completely stoned: Mystical concrete stones on Crammond Island causeway (top), some random stones in a circle (bottom).



If you order Ar Ceol, Ar Canan, Ar A Mach online by the way, don't get it confused with Ar Cannan Ar Ceol, which is a collection of traditional songs sung by Scottish ladies. No raging streetcrust I'm afraid - just delicate ditties such as Young Lass in Spring, This Feeling Inside and On Saturday I Was Struck With Sadness (rather than struck by an empty Buckfast bottle the night before).

A strong breath of Gaelic

I caught up with Oi Polloi before they played a raucous Manchester gig in the sweltering heat of the upstairs room of Gullivers and lured them with a vegan punx picnic to the tranquil surrounds of Castlefield. The area sits beside the ruins of a Roman Fort, under the imposing ironwork of a Victorian railway and in the dark shadow of the 47-storey glass-fronted Manchester Hilton - rich evidence of dominance, conquest, fallen empires and the short-lived folly of neo-liberalism. What better place to ask singer Deek about Oi Polloi's decision to rejuvenate Gaelic as a punk rock voice of dissent.

"Gaelic's historically had a fairly raw deal," says Deek. "Some pretty horrific things have gone on. Up until the 1970s, if you were a kid who grew up where Gaelic was spoken at home and you were caught speaking it in the playground, you would be beaten. We're not talking about hundreds of years ago - not that it would have made it acceptable then - but this is relatively recently."

Just as Romans, the Victorians and the neo-liberalists all used language to assert their dominance over the people they conquered, so Deek says the struggle of minority cultures is a linguistic one.

Alba darned

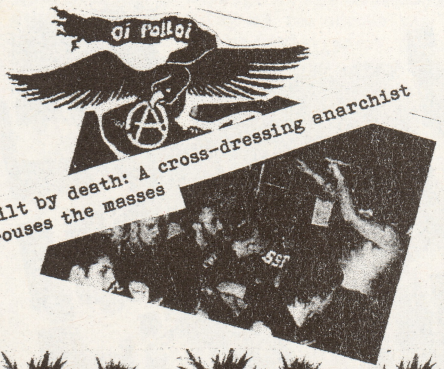
"Obviously you hear a lot of stuff from people like Survival International about small tribes in the jungle whose culture and language have been wiped out. But this kind of thing is happening in Europe as well - the Bretons, Basques, Suomi people in the North of Scandinavia and Russia," he says. "Sometimes it's all too easy to look at things in the Third World and miss what's going on closer to home."

Indigenous languages like Manx, and to a lesser extent Cornish, have been hi-jacked by well-to-do liberals looking to inject meaning to their otherwise rootless lives. But they mean well, bless them. Welsh, on the other hand, has been used successfully by the likes of Plaid Cymru as a left wing weapon against British Imperialism. Its popularity has risen in recent times, and at the turn of the century, approximately 21% of the population spoke the language. This has accompanied a growing sense of autonomy for Wales in the post Thatcher years.

But how does Gaelic fare, with a speaking population of 50,000, or approximately 1% of the population of Scotland? Most of these people live away from the commercial and political centres and are based in the North and West of Scotland in the Highlands and Islands

"People like the poet Sorley MacLean was very left wing, very radical, and very in support of the Republicans in the Spanish Civil War," Deek says. "There have been other people very active in campaigning against NATO military bases in Scotland and against nuclear power."

How does the state of Gaelic compare with that of the more established Welsh language? "People have different theories about it," says Deek. "Some people say Welsh is in a much stronger position than Gaelic and the people are very passionate about their language. Some people say the Welsh language is stronger because the Welsh don't have as much political autonomy as the Scots do; the Scots have a different legal system and educational system and the Scottish Assembly has a bit more power. Some people suggest the Welsh assert their individuality more strongly through their language because they don't have the political autonomy. Who knows?"



Kilt by death: A cross-dressing anarchist rouses the masses

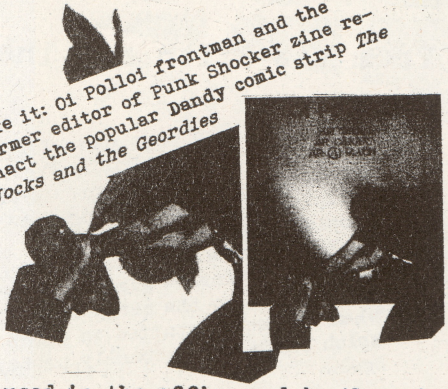
Will Gaelic mushroom?

Are Oi Polloi worried that by switching from singing in English to Gaelic their message might be lost? "Well the medium is the message," says Deek. "It's about diversity, multiculturalism and respect for the little people and discriminated-against minorities. But at the same time, there are translations there for everyone. Initially we had some people complaining that they couldn't understand the sleeve notes, but we always put contact details where people can learn more. If you look at issues like reintroducing wolves to the Highalnds of Scotland - it would be very good for forestry - there's a web address on the album, www.reintroducethewolves.com, so it's pretty obvious what it's about. All the translations are there on our website too.

"By adopting the Gaelic language ourselves and writing songs in it and making it used, because we're from Scotland we can have more of an effect in our local area. We know people who have started learning Gaelic because they listened to our records in Gaelic, which is good. But part of it is to make our language more sexy and less like a museum exhibit. If you're a tourist in Scotland you can get CDs in Gaelic; all the sleeve notes and packaging are in English, but the songs are traditional and written hundreds of years ago. We want to show it's a living language and it is for a lot of people."

Roman in the Gloamin'

Oi Polloi's last 7", a split with Appalation Terror Unit carried out an impressive feat in linguistic dexterity and spanned three languages on one side of a single; English, Gaelic and Finnish. Can we expect other remarkable verbal acrobatics? And does the "D" in D-beat stand for "Dictionary"? "Finnish is a great language for singing D-beat in," Deek says. "It's pretty harsh and gutteral." We still do plenty of stuff in English. People say they preferred Oi Polloi before they stopped singing in English, but you were at the gig (at the 1 in 12, Bradford) and it's not the case. It's not about one or the other. One of our future things is we've got a song in Latin. That's because we got fed up with people asking why we were singing in a dead language. Gaelic is not a dead language - when I used to live up in the Outer Hebrides it was a language we used in the office and in the pub and it was a language you could use in the shops and in the street. But Latin's a dead language, unless you live in the Vatican in the Pope's office. But why not Latin?"



Take it: Oi Polloi frontman and the former editor of Punk Shocker zine re-enact the popular Dandy comic strip *The Jocks and the Geordies*

And are we to expect more in Finnish now Deek has moved across the North and Baltic Seas to live there? "We might do. It will probably be three line Discharge-esque haiku things. We'll see."

...And now for the real Oi Polloi interview...

A thousand apologies to those people who expected something a little less serious in these pages, especially from a renowned group of hazardous drunkards like Oi Polloi. The interview was finished with the rest of the band: Oigridh (bass), Olssen (guitar), Cam (drums) and Deek (vox) with *Mr Cubesville* playing Paxman.

Do you have any pets?
Oigridh: I've got a cat called Jim, he's lovely.
Olssen: My wife really wants to get a cat, but we're not allowed to have one in the house - the landlord says we're not allowed to have a cat or a dog.

Maybe you could get a reptile or something that's not going to shed fur.
Olssen: Yeah, or a budgie.

Yeah, I believe they're going cheap.
What's your favourite colour?
Olssen: I like Topaz.
Deek: Black.
Olssen: That's an absence of colour.
D: Is it? I stand corrected.

Then, who's your favourite popstar? Or, if you could be any popstar for a day, who would you be?
Olssen: Justin Bieber or somebody. Maybe Beyonce. Into the inner workings of my mind.
D: Didn't you say that you'd be Garry Glitter Tom?

Well thank you
D: We didn't get to hear who Cam would be. Boy George? George Michael? Wouldn't be very good for the old Farmer Giles would it?

(sadly, the interview cuts out just as it's getting interesting)

From the Filth and the Fury to Cool Cymru:

Many thanks to Rhys Mawn for his time in getting this interview together. As I said in the previous article, Yr Anhrefn changed many people's perceptions of what rocknroll should do. After many years of extensive gigging, they disappeared in the early 1990s, just when the media started to think that Welsh bands were actually pretty cool...

How were Yr Anhrefn received when you started shouting the odds in Welsh 30 years ago?

The reception to Anhrefn was of course very varied. When we started you had a generation of young people in Wales who wanted their own "punk rock" so there were people out there who found out about us and slowly but surely got in touch, turned up at gigs or put gigs on for us.

It's quite funny because one of our earliest fans was Rhys Ifans now a successful Hollywood actor. There were key people like Rhys who came from Ruthin and had English speaking friends who could relate to a Welsh Language band for the first time.

I think a lot of non-Welsh speakers got it as well, in places like Newport which was a very punk rock town but in it's own way - we gave them a connection through punk with the Language and Culture side of things. We were definitely not elitist about the Language and definitely not "Nationalistic".I hope we broke down barriers.

Of course the old Welsh guard just thought we were "a noise" and totally didn't get it, and I guess a lot of people in England must have thought: "Why the fuck are this lot singing in Welsh ?"

Really we were post punk in attitude - it was DIY culture. The big influence was Factory Records and Tony Wilson always slagging off London and early period Rough Trade putting out those great records by bands like Essential Logic and Young Marble Giants.

Also a bit of controversy always worked so we did play up to that - any chance to cause some trouble - we wanted a Pistols-style press campaign .

Was the world of Welsh-speaking bands as liberal or as conservative as the English-speaking punk scene?

There were two elements in Wales - those few who embraced the idea that Welsh Culture needed to move forward and those (majority at the time) of course who were conservative and did not see any value in what we were doing. I look back and think the punk thing became conservative pretty quickly. By the time you had an uniform courtesy of bands like the Exploited you kind of knew the point had been lost.

The point to me was always more The Slits or PIL. It got summed up recently by Henry Priestman from The Christians with a song called *Did I fight in the Punk Wars For this?*.

I think we were on a mission so the conservative take on things gave us a target, that ingredient to rebel against.

Whatever happened to Welsh language punk....?

Did punk change the world? Or did Yr Anhrefn at least change the Welsh-speaking world?

Punk certainly changed the world for a lot of people. The initial thing with the Sex Pistols totally changed my world and of course had the same effect on thousands of others. The Beatles and the Stones changed people's worlds, as did Dylan in their day. I think that's true - music can change your world. I do hate those comments that "music can't change anything", which I think is nonsense. We certainly had an effect in Wales, from simple things like being the first Welsh language band to do a Peel Session to the fact that we really did do a load of gigs and we pretty well played every bit of Wales. It took years though of constant gigging! I think we had an effect, changed certain things, and changed a few attitudes and inspired a few bands for sure.

Despite, or because you sung in Welsh, you were quite a hit in the Czech Republic at the turn of the 1990s after the Berlin Wall came down. Did you manage also to forge strong links with other European bands singing in lesser-spoken languages like Basque, Breton, Gaelic, Manx, Cornish or Suomi?

There was certainly an affinity with bands singing in other languages. We forged links with E.V. in Brittanny, Delerium Tremens and Negu Gorriak in the Basque Country and bands like the Nyah Fearties who sang in Lowlands Scots from Lugton near Kilmarnock. There was a common politics there - to support culture and languages against the overall tide of Murderburger Culture, as we used to call it.

We all want our food to be varied or our birdlife to be multi coloured - and that's how it should be with culture and Language - if we lose that then you have 24/7 Disney.

Then the whole thing with touring Eastern Europe became a bit of a myth. Yes we did do really well in Czechoslovakia for example, but I think the NME used that to imply "only stupid communists would like a Welsh language rock'n roll band". There was definitely something patronising about the English press saying we were "massive in Czechoslovakia". We had fans in Donegal, fans in Bangor North Wales, fans in Geneva and fans in San Francisco; not that many of course, but it was never the case that somehow we did better in the old Eastern block.

Mind you, we were one of the first bands into Czechoslovakia after the Wall came down, so some of those gigs were pretty full-on. We had to do two shows at a club in Prague because the club was too small and at another venue in Berlin, the K.O.B club the crowd outside the venue smashed the windows so they could see inside.

You dallied round the edges of the mainstream with a Chanel 4 appearance, a single with Margi Clarke and strong links with the embrionic Catatonia and Super Furry Animals. Do you wish you had shared the limelight with more commercially successful bands? With hindsight, are you glad to have stuck to your guns?

I think all our so called media coverage was that horrible cycle when Radio 1 or Channel 4 or BBC 2 discovered Welsh Music once every three years and we were an obvious band touring internationally that they actually could not ignore. Once

From Hollyhead to Hollywood - Rhys Ifans was an early fan of Yr Anhrefn

they found other Welsh bands we were soon consigned to the dustbin. The NME in particular wanted nice indie bands with no politics - far easier than dealing with us.

Margi Clarke came about because at the time she was living with Jamie Reid (Sex Pistols graphic designer) with whom we had done a lot of work and really hit it off. Jamie was and still is a kindred spirit. He was into the Celtic thing - Druidism and celtic art - so it was natural that we would become allies. With Margi it was a laugh a minute. We worked on some music for her Edinburgh Fringe show and recorded a single with her called Clutter From The Gutter.
We are still in touch and I actually promoted a show with her very recently. It was a mix of spoken word and dance tracks she has been working on to the total bemusement of the audience.
The Furrys actually toured France with us in the early days and I spent almost two years as Catatonia's first manager. But for Anhrefn it was never going to happen in that way. We were a political/underground band and not capable of selling out. You do get some bands who will not compromise - the Fearties were one of them and I think Jamie Reid as an artist is one too -

we are all still good friends and very much on the same wavelength. I do not think the mainstream could have handled us or we them.

One of those Peel moments: Rhys accepts John Peel's apology for playing Anhrefn's records at the wrong speed and mispronouncing their songs

Do you feel a traditional political punk band was left behind by the Cool Cymru of the 1990s when the pop charts regularly featured Catatonia, the Manic Street Preachers, the Stereophonics and so on?
The Furrys and Catatonia wanted the mainstream. I think they'd realised that staying in Wales or on small indie Labels was a bit dead end and they got out of it. That's just a fact, not a criticism,
and really it's good that Cool Cymru happened. But it did signify the end of politics, the end of what we had been involved with and a new period for Welsh music. It also suited Wales at the time; we had Devolution, we had Rhys Ifans, Mathew Rhys and Ioan Gruffydd in Hollywood and Welsh bands on Top of the Pops, so in one sense for us it was job done - over and out.
In reality, it was fuck off back underground! The worst side of Cool Cymru was the Stereophonics thing with the flags, like a rugby match or something; I never really liked the flag waving thing. Some kind of tokenistic Nationalistic nonsense. Cool Cymru was definitely good for the feel-good factor but it was a bit like all the rebels joined the Government. You know - revolution over. Nothing has changed since really!

Welsh language punk seems very quiet compared to the 1980s. Has it run its course?
There is no such thing as "Welsh Language Punk" today. In a way that would be slightly ridiculous anyway. For me the punk attitude and politics is still there, but to be honest no one wants to hear you go on about it anymore. Things have moved on. Young kids have very little interest in the kind of political culture we were involved with. I'm sure there are pockets, individuals, the odd band, but as a movement or social phenomenon it's long gone.
I do worry that everything is so safe, so mainstream. I see very

little attitude in the Welsh scene now. It could do with a modern version of punk just to kick things up the arse a bit. When things get too safe you lose the edge and if you stop asking questions. That's when you know the rats have reclaimed the ship.

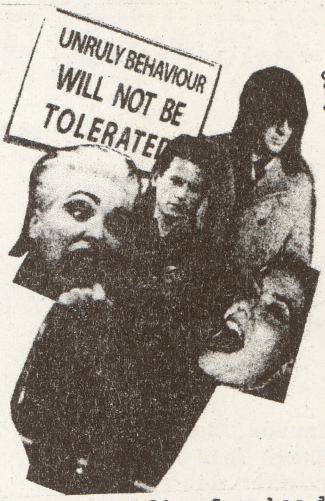
In this issue's interview with Oi Polloi, they highlight that there's greater political autonomy in Scotland compared to Wales, but a far lesser proportion of Gaelic speakers to Welsh. Do you feel the Welsh language is an assertion of autonomy, individuality and independence?

In Wales the language is widely taught in schools. In North West Wales, for example, it is widely spoken but that in itself is not political as such - it's totally natural. We do not really have the same political will for independence as they do in Scotland, but the language is far stronger and far more hip in Wales than it is in Scotland and Ireland.

My main concern these days is how do we move Welsh culture forward when it's not a popular agenda? People are quite happy, we have our Super Furrys, we have Devolution, we have Huw Stephens on Radio One playing new Welsh Bands. You know, it's all hunky dory, never been better. But I guess we are from a different generation; we wanted change, an ongoing revolution and that's the new challenge really to keep that revolution going and moving forward. I'm not one of those people who will ever be satisfied.

Creativity does not stop.

To be honest I'm almost out of the music thing these days. I've found a new passion and I'm doing a lot more with archaeology and Welsh History with adult education. You do not get the same resistance as you get with Music. Your age is not a factor. You are outside fashion trends. For me it's very much the new punk rock.



Cool Cymru in full swing: Scouse collaborator Margi Clarke, Four Weddings upstart Rhys Ifans, Flexible Mr Fantastic actor Ioan Gruffudd and 1990s popstar Cerys Matthews

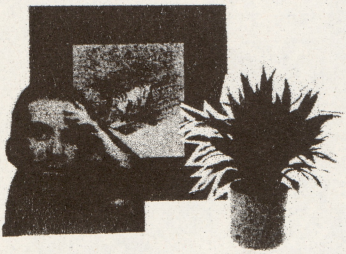
Mind you, Julian Cope has done the same kind of thing with his books on Standing Stones, so we go full circle almost and once again find people from that post punk period who have found new avenues for their creativity and for connecting with people.

Has the perception of Welsh language changed since you started in 1982?

We are at a point now that what we did, say in 1982 or even 1992, is forgotten and meaningless to a new generation. Even though it's on youtube if you like, we have no sense of Welsh Pop History for sure. I still think there are lessons from the 1980s or from the 1990s that are still relevant but it has to be given a context. I'm surprised that I'm never asked to talk about all this, say in the Welsh Universities or Colleges. There is definitely a case for writing a book on the History of Alternative Welsh Music.

What is a Welsh punk Utopia?

No Utopias: just an ongoing debate; on-going creativity and on going change.



Cut-out-and-Keep Action figures

Create your own Black Star reggae session.

Just add drugs and alcohol

Black Star Dub Collective

By popular demand, the Action Figures are back! This issue we feature Manchester dub supergroup Black Star Dub Collective. With members of Harijan, Autonomads, Dead Subverts, etc, BSDC are a smash with punky-reggae party-goers all across Greater Manchester and even beyond.

BSDC have a track on the *Still Not Loving Police* compilation ep reviewed in this issue. And, let's face it, who would love the ersatz reggae and faux New Wave made by bandwagon-jumpers Sting and company in the late 1970s. I always, always, fucking hated the Police too. Unity. Jah. Lion.

Look out for BSDC's vinyl/cd split with the Autonomads, which should be out by the time this zine reaches you - *From Rusholme With Dub* available through Active Distribution, Pumpkin Records, etc.

Apologies to readers who may feel disappointed that we have left out some BSDC members. As you will know, BSDC is a work-in-progress band and is expanding all the time (see Five Facts, point 3 below).

Make your action figures

Step 1: Cut out the page opposite and glue it to a breakfast cereal packet or other recycled, biodegradable material. You may also like to cover the page in sticky-backed plastic to give your figures the "gig sheen".

Step 2: Cut round each figure using the dotted lines to guide you. You may need to ask a grown-up to help you if the scissors are too sharp or if the straightjacket's too tight.

Step 3: Cut along the dotted lines on the bases of your figures to create flaps, which you can then fold over to make stands.

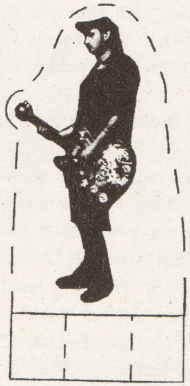
Step 4: Arrange the figures in gig-type poses. Now play some very loud reggae music and skank around the room like a Rohipnolled baboon.

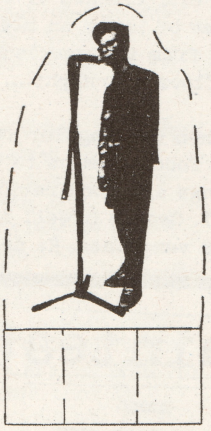
Five little-known facts about the Black Star Dub Collective
... according to the Black Star Dub Collective:

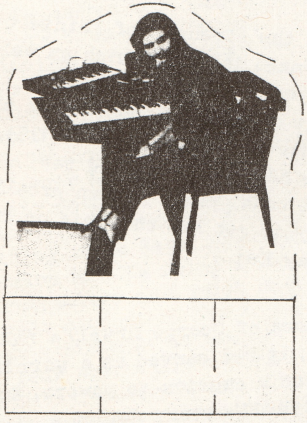
1. Bassist Iain Perkins is actually Captain Hotknives's son.
2. Tony's Chippy is the backbone of the band.
3. BSDC aims to have more members than So Solid Crew.
4. BSDC are at their most devastating when Johno has a moustache.
5. BSDC includes members from Harijan, Dead Subverts, Autonomads, John Player Specials and UB40.

BLACK STAR DUB COLLECTIVE

MANCHESTER REGGAE UPSETTERS







BLACK STAR DUB COLLECTIVE

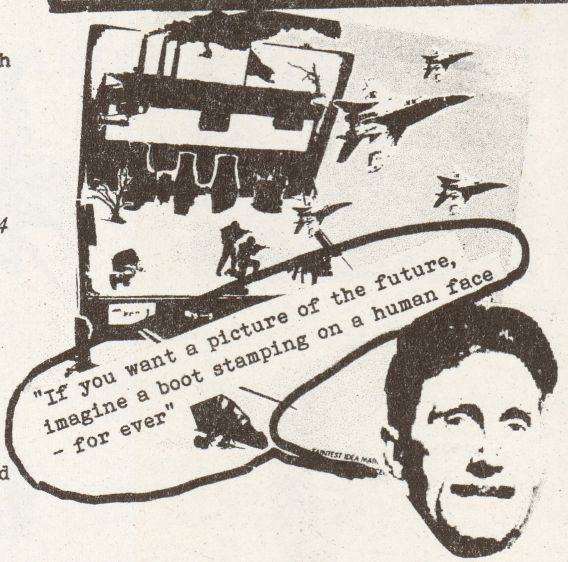
MANCHESTER REGGAE UPSETTERS

The second half

Welcome to the second half of *Cubesville* 11, it's the one about politics and the English language. In the first half we romped through language as dissent with a look at the Basque punk explosion, Welsh punk before Cool Cymru and contemporary Gallic sounds.

In this half, we're going to look at the influence if any of George Orwell's *1984* on punks who were around at the time and if they think it's bleak dystopian outlook is relevant to the apolitical, warcrazed, surveillance state of today. I've done a vox pop and asked the same questions. After that, we're going to look at the death of the free press and how the economic downturn created by the banking industry has been hi-jacked to curtail freedom of speech. The balance of power on most publications swung from the newsdesk to the salesfloor overnight....

And then our regular feature on retro vegan food takes us to the nightly bombings and food rationing of World War II. George Orwell hated vegetarians with a vengeance. He described them as "that dreary tribe of high-minded women and sandal-wearers and bearded fruit-juice drinkers who come flocking to the smell of 'progress' like bluebottles to a dead cat". But we'll ignore that and press on regardless.



Faintest Idea

Many thanks to Kai of Faintest Idea for this article. I originally got in touch with him on the strength of Faintest Idea's Ignorance is This, which as well as getting you dancing round the kitchen like a crazed gibbon, makes an odd reference to George Orwell's 1984. Kai told me he's just finished re-reading the book, which was an excellent opportunity to get his thoughts on it. Take it away Kai...

The relevance of George Orwell's *1984* is undeniable; it has served as a warning to people and a caution to powers. Not only does Orwell's story depict a totalitarian police state in an almost

prophetic fashion, but also, and what is far more alarming, is that it seems to have been used as a blueprint for the future rather than a deterrent.

War is Peace

As I write this, England has had over four days of rioting - water cannons and rubber bullets are being imported and the Met are being told to use any means necessary. Westminster announces that locals should report anyone suspected of being an Anarchist, and as ever, we are still battling the unwinnable War on Terror; which despite being fairly contested, is still transforming headlines and entering homes throughout the globe; it is manipulating public opinion and bending the will, truth, and love of human nature.

Ignorance is Strength

It seems there is extensive control over the human psyche, with the grip of the media reminiscent of the Ministry of Truth and their attempt to re-write and alter history. I am reminded of the words of **Malcolm X** who claimed: "If you are not careful, the newspapers will have you hating the people who are being oppressed, and loving the people who are doing the oppressing." Orwell clearly understood the implications of censorship, that without freedom of thought, freedom of the press and freedom of the arts, people are left merciless to the will of the state as who controls the media surely controls the mind.

Freedom is Slavery

Noam Chomsky states: "The issue is whether we want to live in a free society or whether we want to live under what amounts to a form of self-imposed totalitarianism, with the (people) marginalized, directed elsewhere, terrified, screaming patriotic slogans, fearing for their lives, and admiring with awe the leader who saved them from destruction, while the educated masses goose-step on command and repeat the slogans they're supposed to repeat and the society deteriorates at home."
This sums up the Orwellian state depicted in *1984* and also shows a haunting image of our own society - the terrorist threat which is constantly evolving and the fear induced by immigration, social change and radicalism all lead to the decline of society. And once resistance falls short, we are merely reduced to an uneducated heard, who are taught only enough to operate on the production line.
But as our hero Winston Smith suggests: "To die hating them, that was freedom."

Ultimately, the inner battle everyone faces when backwards politics are introduced, their daily struggle with these politics and with an apathetic society, is the freedom that Orwell speaks of.
Freedom cannot lie within a revolution, as a revolution can be betrayed. Freedom lies in a state of mind, resistance.

If you remember 1984, then you weren't really there! Or if you were, you haven't had your memory remoulded by Newspeak, had the shit kicked out of you by the Thought Police or screamed your lungs out staring at your deepest horrors in Room 101. Ho hum, some good bands around in 1984 though. And some shit ones.

Truthful lies and respectable murder

In 1984, the country was under the rule of a conservative government determined to stamp on post-WWII revolutionary undertones. It was led by Margaret Thatcher - a City worker's wet dream. The tattered bunting still flapped from victory in the (previously unknown) Falklands. Unmarked police rained truncheon blows on striking miners and Brighton boomed when the IRA blew up its Grand Hotel during the Conservative Party conference.

Rupert Murdoch was a tory Citizen Kane, as owner of the conservative working class paper *The Sun* and the recently-acquired conservative middle class titles, *The Times* and *Sunday Times*. Meanwhile, liberals and conservatives wrestled for power at the nation's biggest broadcaster the BBC.

Tell 'em what they don't want to hear

Orwell's novel *1984* is a must-read in the media age. The book depicts everything bad about the state's authority over language and broadcasting. If you've ever felt powerless, voiceless, broken down or beaten up, it's the wry, sardonic, sympathetic, read for you. You'll feel angered, embittered and outraged at every media lie and civil liberties injustice you've ever encountered.

But it won't offer you any answers. Orwell's earlier novels like *Keep the Aspidistra Flying* and *A Clergyman's Daughter* were pretty harsh portrayals of life and injustice on the breadline, but they were infused with a Socialist optimism. He then joined the Socialist militia in Spanish Civil War, but was dragged into the Barcelona streetfighting against his (supposed) allies in the Communists and subsequently fled their death squads. Everything after that is anarchically anti-authoritarian and has a bleak nihilistic outlook. His best book is his later *Coming Up for Air* - a farcical story of a suburban, lower middle class man recapturing his childhood as the nation trembles on the cusp of war, *Animal Farm* takes the piss out of a farcical revolution which liberated the Russian people and then enslaved them.

Orwell wrote *1984* after he worked as a writer and broadcaster for the BBC during WWII. As an Etonian worried about injustice and poverty, Orwell harnessed his consequent self-loathing as a creative energy. He used his experience of BBC broadcasting to invent a grim future of surveillance and submission in a country perpetually at war and where the population is tricked and conned to loving the state by a bombardment of words and images.

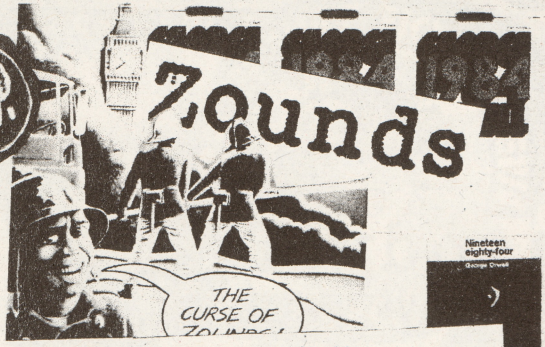
The constant struggle to see what's in front your nose

Like all good science fiction, *1984* is rooted in the time it was written and resonates into the future. In a cruel twist of history though, the book's potent language has permeated the media and the institutions Orwell set out to satirise. Room 101 and Big Brother spring to mind.

After you've devoured *1984*, you'll belch out its buzzwords and catchphrases with satisfying ease. Words like Thoughtcrime, Newspeak, Thought Police and Ministry of Truth remain long after you've returned the book to the Municipal Library.

Power is not a means, it is an end

If we take any lessons from *1984*, the book, have we learned any from the year 1984? We've rounded up some of the people who were around in the violent, war-loving, totalitarian nightmare under the conservative government of Margaret Thatcher and asked them about their own experiences at the time and whether they still resonate today. Thanks to everybody for getting them back.



What were you doing in 1984?
In 1984, Shane was 13 and playing in his first band the **Scarecrowze**, Simon was 16 and playing in his first band **Devastation** and Les was 18 and generally unconscious in a pub somewhere!!

Was the political situation as grim as in the novel?
Difficult to remember with clarity how political situation was but certainly not as bad as novel. At such a young age and coming from the middle of nowhere our political points of view were far from sorted. We were well aware of what a nasty piece of work Thatcher was but when you are young and naive there's no history to compare it to

What made you most happy at the time?
Going to gigs and meeting other people in punk scene made us happy at the time.

What were you most worried about at the time?
Think the thing we were most worried about at the time was if our giros would arrive on time!!!!!!!

Do you think 1984 *is more/less relevant to today?*
Think 1984 is totally relevant along with a lot of other seminal books like Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*, etc. The book paints a very exaggerated example of how a society can become when the powers that be assert to much control. And although we have been lucky enough in UK (so far) not to experience quite this degree of control, this kind of shit does happen throughout the modern world. Orwell was a great visionary who was lucky enough to have a solid education politically, which helped him to use examples of different worldwide political systems and regimes along with the bureaucracy of UK-style democracy of the time to create this bleak picture of the future, some of which has come to be true (ie being monitored by cameras every where we go). I think the main thing to take from 1984 is as a reminder of what can happen to society if people become to complacent.

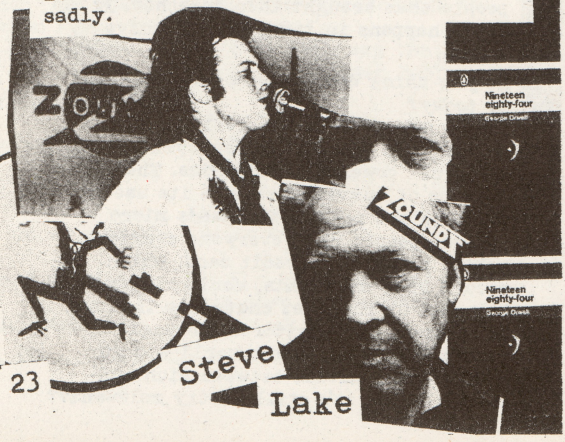
What were you doing in 1984?
I had a two year old daughter and I was trying to earn a living to feed and house and clothe her.

Was the political situation as grim as in the novel?
Nothing is as grim as that novel. But it looked like it was going that way for a while.
On the other hand, things turned out more like (Aldous Huxley's) *Brave New World* when years later New Labour took power.

What were you most worried about at the time?
Making enough money to feed my family and how to live a creative, artistic life at the same time as being a wage slave.

What made you most happy at the time?
I have never been happy nor unhappy. Just frightened.

Do you think 1984 is more/less relevant to today?
It is always relevant. It speaks of politics, terror, manipulation, control, illusion and war.
It will always be a relevant book, sadly.



Steve Lake

What were you doing in 1984?
Still writing and performing poetry. Doing gigs up and down the country with the likes of **Crass, Flux of Pink Indians, Chumbawamba** and **The Alternative.** Continuing to arrange gigs in Rochdale. Helping to establish Rochdale Poets and Performers and helping to set up a community centre.

Was the political situation as grim as in the novel?
The Conservative government had spent the previous five years destroying the Trades Unions and closing down or selling off/privatizing our nationalised industries. The war in the Falklands had been a cold-blooded vote-winner. Now they were attacking the striking miners and their communities, destroying the the voice of the masses; an oppressive regime stifling alternative voices.

What were you most worried about at the time?
There was an underlying sense of fear and an associated anger. It's hard to imagine these days the sheer terror and helplessness that the nuclear button instilled in people. It seems silly, but there really were completely insane people in charge of the planet.

What made you most happy at the time?
There was a connection running through people that brought them together. It often happens in times of collective stress.

Do you think 1984 *is more/less relevant to today?*
The unseen machine of civil service bureaucrats controlling everything with their all powerful ministries. The culture of surveillance and its use in policing the people. Who needs micro chipped people when everyone carries a mobile phone or a credit card, which record your movements, monitor what you buy etc? Or internet chatrooms that can be accessed and monitored. Economic collapse of the western world and an ever greater divide between rich and poor. I think it's still pretty relevant??

What were you doing in 1984?
I was at school, teetering on the edge of dropping out. I was vegetarian, more-or-less teetotal and wore a lot of scruffy black clothes. The dirgey punk band me and my mates had formed luckily played our last gigs early on in the year, but we kept ourselves amused by going to other gigs in Bristol and further afield. A few smaller festivals too. There was a hiatus in my train pranks but I did clear my class 50s when I copped 50006 Neptune at Paddington whilst visiting London.

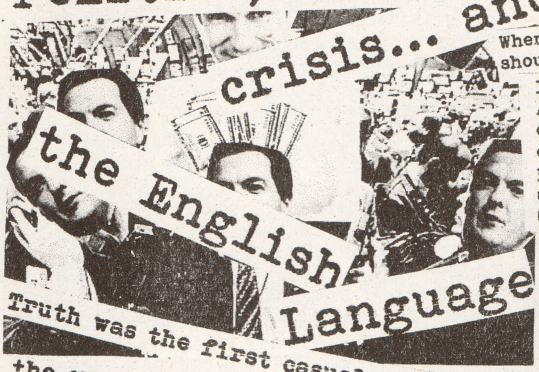
Was the political situation as grim as in the novel?
Although different to the harshness of the novel, "Thatcher's Britain" was indeed grim and full of injustices but that inspired a lot of people to rally against it. A lot of people became politically aware around this time...even if political was with a small "p". It was a time of countless benefits; for the miners, anti-apartheid, CND, animal rights, etc.

What were you most worried about at the time?
There was the impending threat of nuclear war, we all predicted that at some time we would be blown up by either the Americans or the Russians. There was also an inherent distrust of the government and an impending fear of state control. Not taking all the shit that was being thrown at you made certain groups of people stick together.

What made you most happy at the time?
I guess like many other precocious brats working out what I thought it was all about, being myself and doing my own thing. I was also heavily into music at this time, so enjoyed going out lots too.

Do you think 1984 is more/less relevant to today?
It is becoming increasingly relevant today; Big Brother is still able to watch you. The population can be tracked and monitored with all those seemingly essential and advantageous devices such as mobile phones, computers, shop loyalty cards, credit cards, journey planners etc. You have a right to be paranoid.

Politics, cash, crisis... and the English Language



the current economic climate

When Cubesville #10 rolled off the printing press earlier this year, it was a milestone in the publishing world. For almost 25 years, Cubesville faithfully served its readership; its printed form is still going strong despite the newspaper and magazine closures going on all around. To survive in these turbulent times is no mean feat...

Our reading habits have changed drastically since the theme of this half of the zine, 1984. We've seen a boom in magazine production followed by a sharp decline with the advent of the internet. And the phone tapping scandal that has rocked Rupert Murdoch's newspapers made headlines in competing papers with lots of chortling and "I told you so's" from the rest of us.

But how will the phone tapping scandal pan out for the likes of you and me? Will it result in clearer and more honest news reporting?

From the newsdesk to the sales floor ... and back again

The Golden Age of Journalism of George Orwell's day is dead. When the great chap wrote the essay *Politics and the English Language*, he exposed how propaganda strips words and phrases of their meanings and he derided lazy thinking from writers and journalists, who rely on to stock phrases and tired metaphores.

The greatest political battle in the media is involved in is between its newsdesk and sales floor; it's a balancing between keeping readers happy and pleasing advertisers. This precarious operation affects everything we read and it shapes our thought. When we read about environmental issues, for example, are we getting the editor's view, or are we reading an article that's been approved by so many hands to have lost its meaning?

When we talk about language and truth, we should go to the root of the problem.

I'm not Rupert Murdoch's biggest fan... And I did laugh when the *News of the World* closed down. But events the week before it closed will echo for a long time on every publication; right wing, left wing, anarchist, socialist, Trotskyist, fascist or (like this one) absurdist anarcho-nihilist.

The phone tapping story sat like a timebomb ticking away ominously for a couple of years until the big explosion. In June 2009, I noted that the *News of the World* was under the spotlight for tapping the phone of Deputy Prime Minister John Prescott. Quite a kerfuffle was made of it.

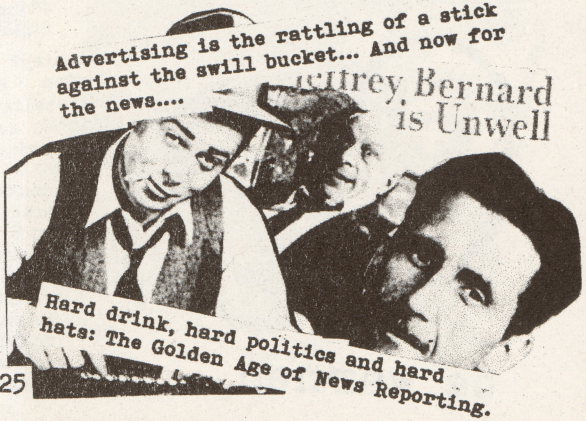
But, thanks to a level of corruption among newspapers, police and politicians which would cause horror and outrage if it were anywhere other than Great Britain, it was dropped.

A right wing newspaper tapping the phone of a socialist member of the Cabinet wasn't top of the agenda in the newsrooms of newspapers and magazines. Journalists were under a different pressure - find something positive to write about.

Mindless, inconsequential happynews

Since late 2007, the country had been falling further and further into recession. This was first felt in the construction industry when orders for new houses dropped overnight. The media felt it next when advertisers looked at what they were spending on marketing, and what they were getting for it. Then they stopped.

Everyone looked for excuses: People lost their jobs in manufacturing because of cheap goods from China; People lost their jobs in publishing because of free information available on the internet; People lost their jobs in construction because no-one wanted to buy a new house;



Hard drink, hard politics and hard hats: The Golden Age of News Reporting.

Doublethink means the power of holding two contradictory beliefs in one's mind simultaneously, and accepting both of them.

People lost their jobs in financial services because no-one had any money. Down it all came like a house of cards.

The suddenness of the recession took the country by surprise. We looked for an answer and found one; the nation had talked itself into it. Newspapers, radio and TV instinctively look for negative stories about the economy and these frighten the ordinary bod in the street, who then keeps hold of their money. Hence the recession.

In 2007, this sounded plausible. Ever noticed how the news is all doom and gloom? I used to be a big fan of the Radio 4 news in the morning. Then I noticed I was in a much better mood if I listened to a

little light jazz instead. Crooning along to Julie London, Cleo Laine or the divine Anita O'Day were much better for my head than yelling in outrage at one-sided reporting or spitting my tea across the breakfast table at the divisiveness, greed and downright hypocrisy of the politicians they interviewed. So jazz won. Nice.

be warned

But people like bad news. Reading about murderers and paedos gives them a sense of superiority when they commit their own little injustices against the people around them. And collectively grieving over disasters gives them a sense of togetherness, even if they are remote and unaffected. There's an old saying among newspapers: "If it bleeds, it leads." Good news doesn't sell as well as doom, gloom and kiddy-fiddlers.

But around June 2009, newspapers apologised for dragging the country into recession with their depressing stories. Earlier that year, London's big local paper the *Evening Standard* apologised to its readers for its negative spin on the news, for losing touch and for being predictable. Its new owner, ex-KGB agent turned business tycoon Alexander Lebedev, demanded a fresh start. So it started with an apology.

The *Edinburgh Evening News* ran a Good News Day and only reported positive things happening in the world. At that time, the banks were in free-fall, the value of the pound was plunging, house prices were plummeting, people were losing their jobs everywhere, angry unions attacked foreign workers, maverick journalists were exposing politicians' outlandish expense claims and the nation was speculating about the mysterious death of paedophile popstar Michael Jackson. Good News Day it was then.

The pressure to put a positive spin on the news came from shareholders and advertisers, many of whom were banks and other financial institutions. They exerted this pressure on publishers, who put the squeeze on their editors, who then kicked their journalists.

Bunch of bankers

Call me a cynical old twat if you want, but wasn't it the speculative lending by the financial institutions that dragged the nation into the recession? Didn't this lead to the "South Sea Bubble" effect where the economy inflated at such a rate that it was bound to burst? And did the world change much for the people in these financial institutions after this calamity? Despite the then Chancellor Gordon Browns' socialist tactic of nationalising banks to save them, bankers led the same flamboyant lives as before. With even more of our money in their pockets.

Banks have argued their needed to keep hold of the bonus system to attract the most talented people in their industry, otherwise they'd go to work in other countries. This is the equivalent of the workers threatening to withdraw their labour and go on strike for better pay. It would be interesting to see a strong politician call the bankers' bluffs and hand them plane tickets with the words,

"Fuck off then." Let's face it - they don't generate capital, they merely look after it. They're parasites on any level.

The new Recession

Back in 2009, good news reigned at the expense of truth. To soften the blow of the latest recession, the media gave it a new name. The term "recession" came from the dark Thatcher years of the 1980s as an alternative to "depression", which was associated with the 1930s and the Jarrow March. In 2009, the talk was of the "current economic climate" rather than "recession". This allowed politicians, businessmen and commentators to talk about the depression/recession in the same oblique, euphemistic way the British talk about toilets or poo or willies.

Advertisers seldom want their adverts placed next to gruesome and depressing stories, even if that's what the readers buy their papers for. With newspapers and magazines struggling to drag in revenue, editors faced greater pressure from advertisers to run some good news. And many faced harsher ultimatums - run a good news story about our company, or our company will pull its advertising. In the Golden Age of Journalism, this was unthinkable; but the "current economic climate" made it hard to say no and keep your job. I have seen *The Independent* run a story about green wind power on the opposite page to an oil company advertising its renewable energy to alert readers to its green credentials. The Golden Age of Advertorial is here and now.

I even heard a programme editor on the BBC defending a simpering profile of a company on the programme *You and Yours*, claiming he had taken a more "modern" and less adversarial approach to the report. But even in the "current economic climate" the BBC doesn't rely on a penny of advertising revenue - the guy was just a dick.

An entertaining forerunner of George Orwell, the controversial Catholic convert GK Chesterton wrote a damning essay on the effects of capitalism on art and journalism, *Utopia of Usurers* (1913-15). He questioned why artists use their talent to advertise soap or journalists profile a capitalists like the big teashop owner of the day Sir Joseph Lyons. When pick up magazines from the shelves of WH Smiths a century later, both are the norm. Much of the magazine industry has been built on vanity publishing for the bosses. Most music magazines are footwear and clothing adverts cemented together by tacky record company press releases.

> GK Chesterton, Utopia of Usurers (1913-15)
>
> "Any man can be praised. If he only stands on two legs he does something a cow cannot do.... I do not doubt that I could find something nice about Lyons or Selfridge if I searched for it. But I shall not. The nearest postman or cab-man will provide me with the same brain or steel and heart of gold as these unlucky lucky men."

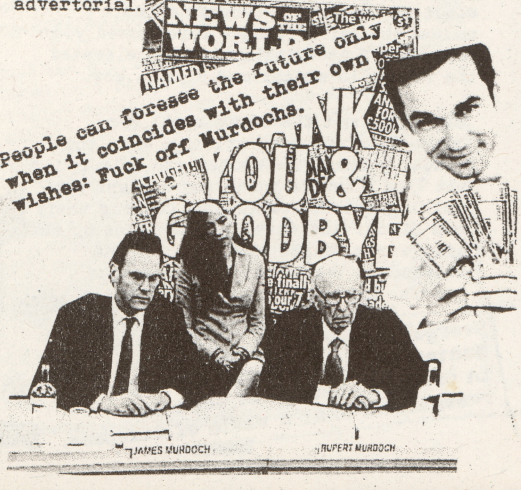
Hanging on the telephone....

It was under the commercial pressures of the recession that the phone tapping scandal finally came to a head. As I said earlier, the right wing *News of the World* literally made the headlines in 2009 when it tapped the mobile phone of the (left wing) Deputy Prime Minister. But nothing came of it. The (traditionally left wing) *Guardian* persisted with its campaign against the Murdoch press, who employed private detectives to tap the phones of politicians and celebrities. But when it emerged in July 2011 that the *News of the World* hacked the voicemail of murdered 13-year-old Milly Dowler, the Murdock Press decided it had lost its reason to live.

It saddens me that a right wing newspaper fronted by oily salesmen like Rupert Murdoch and his son James can get away with tapping the phone of their left wing opponents in Government, but there is a public outcry when the British public discovers the torture porn it bought newspapers for was obtained by dishonourable means.

Inconsequential happynews and advertorial

But the Guardian's war against Murdoch has pushed papers and magazines away from investigative journalism and further down the road to inconsequential happynews and advertorial.


NEWS OF THE WORLD
People can foresee the future only when it coincides with their own wishes: Fuck off Murdochs.
JAMES MURDOCH
RUPERT MURDOCH

As it triumphantly exposed the *News of the World*s antics during the Dowler case in the same moral torchlight it would expose an Irish priest at a scout camp, the (anti-Murdoch) *Guardian* hit the paper where it hurt the most - its advertising. When the ship began to sink, the *Guardian* rubbed its hands as T-Mobile reviewed its advertising budget and jumped with glee when Ford pulled its budget. Meanwhile, a campaign on Twitter targeted *News of the World* advertisers such as the Co-operative, EasyJet and Virgin Mobile.

But in triumph, did the *Guardian* forget that the right wing press will use the same tactics when it too fucks up? Oh, and it will.

But until it does, newspaper and magazine editors will lose more and more battles with their advertisers over what content is commercially (un)viable in the "current economic climate". After the sinking of the *News of the World*, we can expect to see more happynews and advertorial in News International publications. This will have a knock-on effect across the media when all publications find themselves dictated to by advertisers like Ford.

Who do you trust more? Murdoch or the PR and marketing departments of a large American motor company? If News International had used its massive resource and investigative reporting to expose the corporates or corrupt politicians, instead of featuring big splashes on tortureporn and column miles of inconsequential tittle-tattle, we'd be manning the barricades in the company's defence.

But it didn't. So we haven't.

The death of the editor

Blogspot, Facebook, Myspace, Youtube, Twitter and whatever we use next are bloody good alternatives. They've guided us through an age of empowerment and enlightenment; we can leapfrog state censorship and publish our thoughts to a global audience without caring a damn about the "current economic climate", unless the bailiffs have repossessed your computer. These publishers have elevated the reader to writer and editor. Wow.

But this isn't the death knell for journalism and good writing. When the reader becomes the writer and editor, it's a bit like a couple going for a night out; walking into a restaurant, cooking their own dinner and washing the plates up afterwards. Maybe they can run the restaurant better than its previous owners. And maybe they can't.

Social Media has pushed the responsibility for proofing and publishing to ordinary folks. OK, we're in more democratic and liberal times, but the question who do we trust and who's accountable still remain.

And so does the problem of which publisher to trust in this fast-moving industry. A couple of years ago it was Myspace. The Arctic Monkeys were the band of the Myspace generation who communicated directly with their fans without relying on grasping record companies and their dog lackeys in the music press. But when Murdoch bought the company, its users flocked to the (then) inferior Facebook with its honest aim to make the world a more open space. When its owner Mark Zuckerberg was unmasked as a capitalist (shock horror he's an entrepreneur), I noticed the talk on libertarian punk forum Collective Zine was of switching to Tumblr.

Winners and losers

I know this article is full of holes, but its' something I care about. I mention George Orwell right at the beginning as his essay Politics and the English Language established some rules for truthfulness and clarity in writing by exposing how language is used to disguise meaning to political ends. But before the words even make the page, the political battle has been fought. Who the winners were and who has control of the content is not always apparent. What we decided to call the "economic downturn", beginning in 2007, has affected us all. Suddenly we're worried about our jobs. Our bosses get us to stay late, we don't get pay rises and we face the constant threat of redundancy. We hang on dearly to any shitty job while the coalition government tightens the screws on the benefits system.

The banking industry was a winner of the "economic downturn". It retained its working practices, bonuses and culture without compromising its corruption or irresponsibility at all. Some bankers took the opportunity to retire with payouts. They'll live happily ever after too.

Meanwhile, a scrap went on for control of the media, and the marketing departments of large corporations made a lot of ground.

And the losers?

George's Day: Orwell remembered. Billy Bunter wannabe Osbourne is sadly not in Orwell's league so won't be remembered. What a waste of airspace.

Join us on our vegan time machine as we travel back to the 1940s for:

The Wartime Vegan

In keeping with the Orwellian theme to this issue, here's a glimpse of what vegans ate when Orwell was knocking around during World War II. Life was pretty harsh back then and the nation's favourite sugar, salt and fat-rich convenience food diet was in short supply. This situation was exasperated tenfold when Hitler bombed our chippys.

Resources and money were scarce during the War and parents cooked food in a "kitchen" using an "oven". Kids were forced to take a "packed lunch" to school.

School dinners ain't what they used to be

On the subject of school dinners, I'm sorry if this quickly descends into a rant, but have you heard what schools are doing these days? I was speechless when I heard from teachers and parents that it is now commonplace for schools to use biometrics in the canteen - kids get their school dinners with an electronic fingerprinting system. I know this is the Orwell issue, but not even Orwell would have predicted schoolchildren would get their lunch using something as totally intrusive and authoritarian as a fingerprinting system.

And if that wasn't Orwellian enough for you, parents can check their chunky kids are eating enough fat, sugar and salt by phoning the school and obtaining a printout of what the little blighters had for lunch.

The kids can use the same biometric fingerprinting system to clock into class, so no more boring register too. And if they bunk off, the school phones the parent with an automated message.

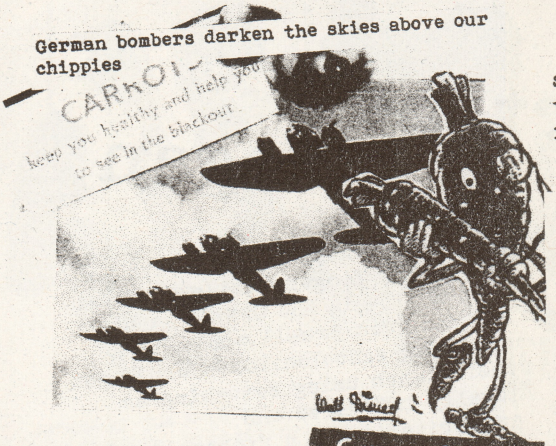
Is this some kind of fucking joke?

You think I'm fucking joking? I've just had a conversation with some people about the Academy this guy's kid goes to. This place does all the above. And this guy thinks it's a good idea. You wouldn't call these people raging Nazis or anything, just ordinary folks. One said: "I wouldn't have liked it as a child, but now I'm a parent I think it's a really good idea."

Death rains from above, and carrot pudding is served from below

I've quoted Sid Vicious before in this fanzine, and I'll do it again. When asked if he made music for the man in the street, he replied:

German bombers darken the skies above our chippies



Factfile: Although the Americans stayed out of the war for as long as possible to cash in on lucrative weapons deals (they eventually joined only to protect their investments and to reap the interest after the war), Walt Disney proffered his services drawing propaganda cartoons for the British. Here, monocled Carroty George socks it to the Luftwaffe.

"I've met the man in the street - he's a cunt." He was right - most people are cunts. Just like in Orwell's day, ordinary people don't just go along with what they're told; they'll fight to defend the sickest, most exploitative policies dreamt up by twisted but persuasive minds.

When people talk about democracy, they tell you people died for our right to vote. What they don't tell you is that ordinary, decent, hard working people killed these fuckers in order to stop us from voting. And many more watched and applauded. In good conscience. You know what I mean like?

Back to the Wartime Vegan...

Rationing

Back in the 1940s, while we were turning Europe into a cross between an abattoir and a demolition site, the fear of starvation became such an issue that the government introduced rationing.

Rationing meant you were only allowed to buy a certain amount of food. To most people today, it would have been gutting - especially for the big fat wobbly ones you see in eat-as-much-as-you-can oriental buffets or at drive through burger joints. Other people would call it "Frugalising" and discuss it sitting cross-legged listening to awful Beat poetry. Like it or not, changes were made. And change started in the "kitchen".

The first foods rationed were meat, butter, sugar and tea. Soon people were only allowed one egg a week, especially French people ... because for the French, "one egg" is "un oeuf". Gedditt!?!!?

Vegans weren't really affected, although you could probably swap your ham and lard rations with your neighbours for marmalade and nuts. Cool - marmalade and nuts rock.

Walt Disney's Clara Carrot fights the war on the home front... by being a carrot. Take that!!

Gradually, people adjusted to living on an efficient, affordable diet that wasn't going to sap the nation's resources and leave the gate wide open for Hitler's Bosch to goose-step over our allotments. And when the nation tightened its belt, the subject of vegetarianism became a matter of hot discussion; especially the topic of whether proper vegetarians ate dairy products.

Wartime Vegan Society

Such was the debate, and so strong was the feeling about veggy diets during the war, that some Vegetarian Society members dissociated themselves from the dairy diet accepted within the society.

In 1944, a Vegetarian Society splinter group founded the all-new Vegan Society. It took a long discussion to find the word "vegan" to refer to "pure vegetarian". Before they picked that name, they kicked around suggestions like "Dairyban", "Sanivore", and "Beaumangeur". It's a pity they didn't choose beaumangeur - I reckon it would really annoy French chefs; the natural enemies of vegetarians. And I can understand "dairyban", but what's a "sanivore"? Someone who only eats sandwiches?

Life during wartime

As Europe tore itself apart in a last show of Empirical rage and retribution, people on the home front ate a healthier, more meatless diet. And when veggies argued what sanivores had in their sandwiches, the word Vegan was born, to be forever confused with the pointy-eared Vulcan off Star Trek.

Let's take a look at some of the recipes people on the Home Front cooked as they dodged the nightly bombings from the Luftwaffe.

Woolton Pie

Take 1 lb each of diced potatoes, cauliflower, swedes and carrots; 3 or 4 spring onions; 1 teaspoonful of vegetable extract; 1 teaspoonful of oatmeal.

Gutted: Children eat healthy stuff like carrots during the war - their faces show the sacrifice it took to take on the nazis

Method - Cook all together for ten minutes with just enough water to cover.
Stir occasionally to prevent the mixture from sticking.
Allow to cool; put into a pie dish, sprinkle with chopped parsley and cover with a crust of potatoes or wholemeal pastry.
Bake in a moderate oven until the pastry is nicely brown and serve hot with brown gravy.

Mock Goose
150g (6oz) split red lentils, 275ml (1 pint) water, 15ml (1 tablespoon) lemon juice, Salt and pepper

For the stuffing
1 large onion, chopped, 50g (2oz) wholemeal fresh breadcrumbs, 15ml (1 tablespoon) chopped fresh sage

Method - Cook the lentils in the water until all the water has been absorbed. Add lemon juice and season. Then make the stuffing. Sauté the onion in a little water or vegetable stock for 10 minutes. Drain, and then add to the breadcrumbs. Add the chopped sage and mix well. Put half the lentil mixture into an oven-proof dish, spread the stuffing on top, and then top off with the remaining lentils. Put in a moderate oven until the top is crisp and golden.

Carrot Cookies
You will need: 1 tablespoon margarine, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 to 2 teaspoons of vanilla essence, 4 tablespoons grated raw carrot, 6 tablespoons self- raising flour (or plain flour with 1/2 teaspoon baking powder added), 1 tablespoon of water.

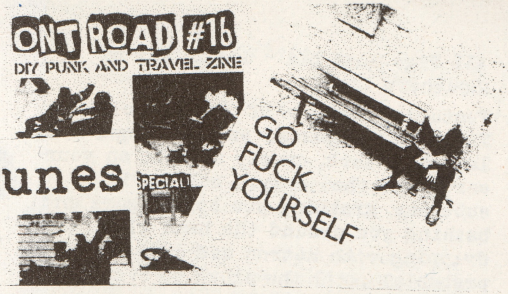
Method - Cream the marg and the sugar together with the vanilla essence. Beat in the grated carrot. Fold in the flour. If mixture very dry then add a little water. Drop spoonfuls onto greased tray and press down just a little. Sprinkle tops with sugar and cook in an oven at 200 centigrade for about 20 minutes.

Victory Cake
1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup water, 1-1/2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon baking powder, a handful of chopped almonds or walnuts.

Method - The cake is can be prepared in one of those pans with a hole in the middle or it can be made into cupcakes. Bake in an oven at 150 centigrade. For cupcakes bake 30 to 40 minutes or until a knife comes out clean, other pans will take longer. Put your nuts on at the end (ooer madam, don't start me off!!!).

Reviews

Zines and Tunes



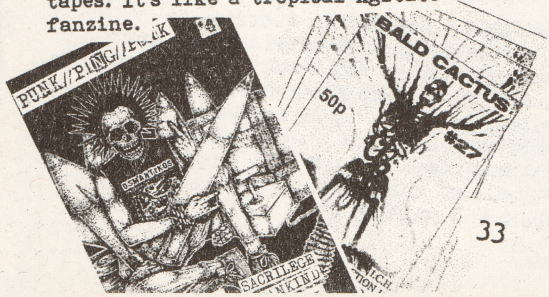
Oi pop pickers, welcome to this issue's reviews pages. Resident reviewers Irish Dave ID) and the Archbishop Richard Cubesville (RC) drank pints and pints of coffee to stay up late and select for you the latest hot discs and fab fanzines. No more ado, here's what the kids will be talking about tomorrow.

Fanzines

Mosh #14 (£?) Ninangmosh@gmail.com
Punk as fuck DIY zine from Malaysia featuring talk and thoughts from Peninsular punks. Jam-packed full of articles, collages and home drawn cartoons it features Carton 4, Soul Saviour, T.I.M., Backyard Surgeons and the Malaysia/Leeds legend Noor of Scenery is Free zine.

Ont Road #16/Go Fuck Yourself #2
SkaISka@yahoo.com
After a successful dads-and-lads split, these travel zines come together again like Verlaine and Rimbaud on supermarket cider. Luke takes time out of his downbeat DIY travelogs for Ont Road to interview bands from his local pub in Leeds - the Afternoon Gentlemen, Geoffrey Oicott and Mouth. And then he's off again getting teargassed in Greece. Ant boozes round the four corners of the world with a tale for anyone who's ever left themselves to the mercy of Fate and got mindlessly smashed in an unfamiliar country.

Punk Ping Ponk #4 (£?)
Punkpingponk@gmail.com
Another Malaysian zine. This one's very black and white and that means it's totally crust. Features Hellbastard, Extinction of Mankind, Sacrilege, Wardogs and Discontrol and a vox pop on tapes. It's like a tropical Agitate fanzine.

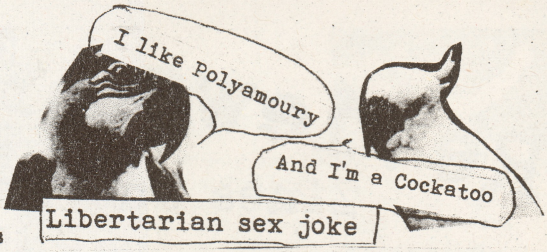


Pukka Joint Massif #3 PJM Industries, PO Box 2632, Bellingham, Washington, 98227-2632, USA.
Like a serpent swallowing its own tail, this zine reviews zines. It's timeless cut-and-paste format crams in zine reviews mostly from the US. If you're reading this, then you'll appreciate its DIY ethic and scissors and glue honesty.

Bald Cactus #27 50p
BaldCactus@gmail.com
As always, Andy plays a blinder. This must-read DIY punkzine mixes old punk cynicism, committed anarchist politics and jaw-dropping honesty. This issue features a column on Andy's rather small column. Then one on how much he likes Eastfield. (They're not connected - I like Eastfield too, but mine's a fucking whopper. And God knows what Irish Dave's packing in his faded combats). Also features interviews with I.C.H., Section 13 and Burnt Cross.

Strength Through Despair #2
Strength.Through.Despair@yahoo.com
Swiss anarchopunkzine featuring crusty music and articles on polyamoury (shagging anything), natural hygiene (not washing) and this dude's skinhead past. Dead good. Inteviews with Spanner, Deadly Pale and Malestrom. Don't get Polyamoury though; I mean, I like parrots, but I wouldn't shag one like - there's be feathers everywhere.
Parrot 1: I like Polyamoury
Parrot 2: Yep, I'm a Cockatoo

TNS #12 Free. 17 Heywood Road, Prestwich, Manchester M25 1FB
This must-read ska-punk zine has acres of anarcho ranting, interviews with Rising Strike, Pumpkin Records and even Cubesville zine. Also features an inspired article about Revenge of the Psychrotronic Man's experience of libertarian venues on their European tour and far better reviews than you'll read here mate. 32 action-packed pages for FREE. You'd be a fool to miss out.



All Pigs Must Die - God is War cd (Southern Lord)

Featuring members of (amongst others) **The Hope Conspiracy** and **Converge**, APMD let rip a dark, crusty assault on your ear drums that doesn't believe in subtlety, grabbing you by the ears and bashing you around the head with noises dripping with hatred and disgust (at you probably) until the album is over. Fucking brilliant! (ID)

Burnt Cross - Mankind's Obituary (cd - various distros)

The boys deliver an affordable 14 track cd of traditional anarchopunk which includes the last three EPs a demo track, comp EP track and unreleased tracks. The EPs are always limited in number, so this is a must for anyone who didn't get the 7"s. (ID)

Nothing but Enemies - Creepy Crawl (Welfare Records) cd

This 12-song slab of wanton nihilism is the punkest recording in this issue. NbE hail from Boston and go out of their way to get in your face, up your nose and anywhere else you're uncomfortable finding them. Musically they don't sound a million miles from early **DOA** (remember those nihilistic tirades?). And lyrically they meticulously and succinctly catalogue the human race sliding slowly back into the primordial slime after reaching its zenith ... like a large poo down the back of a toilet bowl on Boxing Day morning. Fave tracks are the furious *Diarreah of the Human Race*, *Another Day of Nothing* and *Ironic Evolution*. Oh yeah! (RC)

Beat the Red Light- Salt the Lands (TNS) cd

Nobody sounds like this. Imagine the **Specials** first album played by **Emperor**, or vice versa. Oof. BtRL launches its unholy union of Blue Beat with Black Metal with such breathtaking ferocity they leave you black 'n' blue. *Salt the Lands* almost dares itself to go a step further with each song, chucking in a nice brass riff here, a blastbeat there and metal licks wherever it finds room. A most worthy addition to the boundary blurring TNS catalogue. (RC)

Retarded Cop - You Have The Right To Remain Retarded cd

13 tracks of seriously catchy punk rock with some of *the* very best pop hooks ever heard outside **Buzzcocks**' 7"s. Imagine, **Ramones** & **Epoxies** had a baby with **Helen Love** as midwife. Seriously, whatever the front-man Gaz LeRock is on, it gets passed on to us and soon we'll all be retarded. (ID)

Dean Dirg - Verpisst (Hardware Records) 12"

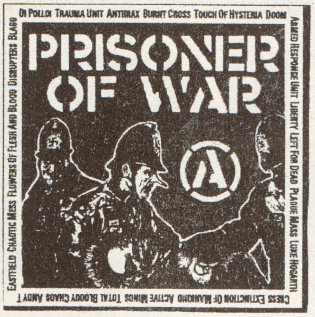
M is for mullet. M is for moustache. M is for manic German punk rock. Blending frantic garagepunk, a 70s pornstar image and "fuck you" attitude, Dean Dirg's latest instalment is worthy of their growing catalogue. The pace is frenzied throughout with Dolph's hysterical vocals delivering short bursts of anger and ennui. With two forays into the tasteless world of electronic pop to compliment the stained jeans cover art, who could ask for more? More please. (RC)

Black Star Dub Collective/Cop on Fire/Autonomads - Still not Loving Police cd/ep

Hastily constructed, but eminently enjoyable, this was released in the wake of the Manchester/Salford riots. Its insert makes the small "p" political point about the rioting/looting, while BSDC and CoF treat us to some booming reggae sounds. Strangely, the usually punk/dub Autonomads do a Chumbawamba impression, having dug up an old folk song. Hopefully that will burn itself out quicker that the Miss Selfridge shop on Market Street. Get it through Pumpkin Records. (RC)

Eastfield - Detonation Junction cd

No mistaking that Eastfield sound, and would we want it any other way. No new musical directions from them, no lyrical ambiguity either - just insanely catchy punk tunes that put a smile on your face and ideas in your head. "It's bloody marvellous" they chorus on the closing track, and so it is. (ID)



The Shitty Limits - Speculate/Accumulate 12"
Their brief, mayfly-like emergence into the punk world caused such a buzz that perhaps the Shitty Limits' breakup was the defining act of DIY punk. Determined to bow out before they burnt out, Speculate/Accumulate saw the Shitty Limits return to form after an LP that didn't live up to their earlier EPs. Back is the frantic pace in the opener, *Survey Says*, and back also is the Shitty Limits' deep well of resource in alt-punk moments like *Medication Time.* Imagine a low-fi **Fall** on speed. On second thoughts, best not. (RC)

Mighty Midgets/Revenge of the Psychrotronic Man/Fist of the North Star/Broken Aris - Four Band Split (TNS) cd
Danish hardcorers MM kick off the split with scene-wise screaming. Manchester's RotPM come and go in a drunken blur - that band is seriously punk as fuck. FotNS are similarly fast and shouty albeit with a polished metallic sound and give a greater priority to musical competence rather than RotPM's innate ability to drink a bar dry in a single sitting. And silly Swedish skaters Broken Aris complete the comp, putting the sun in Sundsvall. (RC)

The Vile - 2 track demo cd
Disappointingly brief release by The Vile - a sort of punk rock supergroup who are starting to make a name for themselves live. Brevity aside though, they deliver two damn fine charged punkfuckingrock tracks - my hair tried to spike itself after the first 30secs. *Busted Again* hints at a great full-length to come. (ID)

Morne - Asylum cd
In which the dark & gloomy ones redeem themselves in my ears. Huge, crust epics that can chill you to the soul one moment then turn around and carry you away on waves of triumph and hope the next. With postrock strands woven throughout, this is a very rewarding listen. (ID)

Various - Prisoner of War comp cd
This got played back to back. Probably the best anarchopunk comp since the 1980s with a motley collection of bands from across that 30-year span. Kicks off with **Oi Polloi**'s d-beat stormer *System* and treats us to anarchopunk belters from **Anthrax, Liberty** and the **Disrupters**, together with raging contributions from **Doom, Armed Response Unit**, etc, etc. Bingo. (RC)

Left for Dead - Mass Media Distortion cd
Joining the dots between the summers of unrest in 1981 and 2011, Mass Media Distortion wouldn't have sounded out of place on Clay Records up against the likes of early English Dogs. But with guest vocalist Magali of French melodic politicos **La Fraction**, their sound really fills out - check out *They Don't See* for a band finding its sound. The CD has some cracking artwork from former *Last Hours* editor, Edd Baldry, whose groovy work on the cover and booklet make this stand out. (RC)

V.A. - The 15th Annual Plymouth Punx Picnic cdr
Soundtrack to what must have been more of an old time four-day festival than picnic. 25 tracks by some of the very best bands in the UK at the moment (**Bus Station Loonies, Eastfield, The Filth, Gunsunderthetable** etc), there's something for everyone here. Close your eyes and pretend you're there. £3.50 to C. Willsher Flat 3, 20 New Street, The Barbican, Plymouth PL1 2NB (ID)

Zounds - The Redemption of Zounds (Overground) cd
Zounds frontman Steve Lake said a band should only ever record one album. But as the saying goes, only a fool doesn't change his mind. I never much rated *Curse of the Zounds* against their classic singles - they needed time to mature, like bands like the Astronauts. Mr Lake is on form for this downbeat indiepunk follow-up which owes as much to the **Kinks** as it does **Crass.** (RC)

Don't Look Down/Destructors - Je Suis Radio split cd
I'm sure DLD's streetpunk rendition of Depeche Mode's *People are People* gets em hot down the Darby and Joan, or even Rebellion, but what does it bring to the table? Same for The Disrupters' Roadrunner. Other than that I like it for its unrepentant 80s punk. (RC)

Various - Smells Like Community Spirit (Predjudice Me Records)
£3 from predjudice_me@yahoo.co.uk
You ever been to Leeds? It's pretty cool - lotsa DIY bands and gigs in people's cellars. Highly recommend it. And if you need a crash course in the contemporary Leeds DIY scene, start here. This is a benefit to turn a disused redbrick school in LS7 into a community centre. Cool. It features any punk, crust, alt, skacore band you care to mention. Nearly. Kicks off with China Shop Bull and romps through desolate crust from Tree of Sores, folk-punk alchemists Bootscraper, 80s punk from Sewersuckers, and off the wall jazznoise from That Fucking Tank. £3 for 22 bands? Cool.

Cover Price
Oh aye, if you're confused about the cover price - the massive price hike is for the benefit of record shops, distros and good causes so they can get their cut.
It's still 1980s prices from me! So shut your fucking mouths.

Static Anthem - s/t cd
Was totally surprised to hear SA was just a two-piece for this recording - sounds like the finished bend! Drawing together obvious Ramones (with a cool rendition of *A Real Cool Time*) and mid-tempo Zeke influences, SA romp through their first release with daredevil ease, somersaulting on the tightrope between brash punk and snotty rocknroll. (RC)

Skelptarsis - Drill and Kill (Arcacia/Detesta/Vex Records) cd
A barbarous phoenix rising from the smouldering ashes of Brooklyn's Death Mold. Skelptarsis snatch moments of introspection before laying waste to the world in blurred brutal crust. Diana's singing is savage - hardly human in places - while on Skelptarsis' sound sets off the palpitations off on their eight-track debut. (RC)

Outro

Pants! We got to the end of the zine and didn't really talk about George Orwell's actual work. Kai of Faintest Idea did a bit, but only because I made him. Errm

Coming up for Air
Laugh:

Cry: Animal Farm
Discover: Inside the Whale
Riot: Homage to Catalonia
Write: Politics & the English Language